

LITERARY OR, *Gadie's Museum.*



Weekly Repository.

"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

Suddenly, an awful voice seeming to issue from the tomb, was heard to say, 'What think you, citizen Dob of the mysteries around you?' 'Nothing,' replied he, imitating sir Charles' manner; ¹ 'and if your tomb of black marble is as useless as Perkin's, you might just as well have saved yourself the trouble of building it, particularly as it does not even furnish our romance with the title!' The awful voice apparently had no good reason whereabouts with to answer mr. Dob, therefore (unlike people in general) it made none. Mr. Dob thus addressed the monk: 'Must I then, like d'Ormeville, pass the night in this cave? do you know, father, that there is nothing to be heard there but the monotonous vibration of the pendulum of the clock, and the service for the dead?' ² 'Silence!' said the friar, entering a pew: at that instant midnight sounded; the old man fell on his knees; mr. Dob followed his example: instantaneously the church was brilliantly illuminated: mr. Dob beheld at the same moment, at the foot of each statue (which he had before seen) a lamp of blood-coloured glass, which cast over the edifice a false and frightful gleam. 'The altar shook, and a voice repeated the word remember.' ³ Several little bells then sounded of themselves, forming a harsh and discordant carol. 'Gracious heaven!' exclaimed mr. Dob, in a tone of fearful astonishment, 'this is worse than any thing I have read of! they sometimes, indeed very often, mention the dinner bell, the vesper

bell, the bell for matins; but at least they are always sounded by somebody for something; but here are a whole peal of bells ringing no one knows how, and no one knows why! Father, what is all this?' said he, turning to his companion. He was at that moment struck by the 'venerable aspect of the monk wrapped in long black garments, his cowl thrown back from his face, on which the light gleaming strongly shewed the lines of affliction softened by piety, and the few grey hairs which time had spared on his temples.' ⁴ But what was mr. Dob's astonishment, when he beheld these few grey hairs erect themselves bolt upright, and betray an evident agitation! 'What can this mean,' said he to himself, altho this good father has neither quitted his religious habit, nor appears in a long sable robe on which is traced in gold embroidery a variety of unknown characters; nor fastened by a girdle of precious stones, in which is fixed a poniard; his neck and arms are not uncovered: in his hand he does not bear a golden wand; his hair is not flowing wildly upon his shoulders; his eyes do not sparkle with terrific expression.' ⁵ Yet I am strongly tempted to believe him quite as much of a magician, or of a devil, as Matilda was. But if I guess right, he ought to shew himself to me in the shape of a pretty woman, and play to me on the harp at the foot of my bed, because that would be some amusement. However, to make sure of what I want to know, I've a great mind to——' As he uttered these last words, his eyes 'fell upon an inscription over a confessional, where appeared in black letters, these awful words 'God hears

LADIES' MUSEUM.

thee!" It appeared an awful warning; his countenance changed; it had struck upon his heart.⁶ But after a pause, the same feeling returned in so violent a manner that he could no longer master it, and suddenly darting upon the monk, he tore open his vest. The friar, not a little astonished at this sudden attack, drew back, exclaiming 'Do you mean to stifle me, as Ambrosio did Elvira?'⁷ 'No indeed,' replied Mr. Dob, with more composure than could have been expected of him at that moment, 'I only want to see if, like father Peter, you do not wear round your neck a picture by the help of which, and a little episode, you might find yourself grandfather to any one you please.'⁸ I confess to you, I always have my suspicions of those monks and nuns, whom one meets so unexpectedly, and who always finish by turning out to be one of the family. I dare say you remember how luckily Julia made a friend of one sister Cornelia, in whom she discovered to her great surprise, as well as that of the reader, the sister of her lover; whose only appearance in the romance is to relate her adventures, and receive extreme unction; which, to be sure, serves to introduce a fine procession of nuns and monks, in the midst of whom is discovered father Angelo, who proves himself a lover well worthy of his mistress, for he is to the full as unnecessary.⁹ Then again there is sister Olivia, no less fortunate than sister Cornelia, for she turned out to be the mother of Ellena.¹⁰ Considering all this you must not take it ill that I took the shortest way to discover if you were not, peradventure, one of my cousins, or perhaps some nearer relation.' More and more surprised at Mr. Dob's presence of mind, the monk was at a loss what to say to him, when the pall, which was thrown over the black marble tomb, at the entrance of the cave, became agitated; and at length being slowly raised, Mr. Dob beheld a phantom wrapped from head to foot in white drapery, and which he immediately recognised to be the shade of the chevalier de Germeuil, which had before appeared to him in the saloon of his own castle. The wound on his left side was still visible, and his winding-sheet was still stained with blood. 'Ah, father!' cried the terrified Mr. Dob, hiding his face in the dress of the monk; 'one would think we were before the cemetery of Wals, like Celestina.' The phantom advanced with slow and measured steps to the foot of the altar; he there fell on his knees, and uttered a groan 'plaintive and prolonged,' as phantoms never fail to do. At this signal several stones raised themselves in different corners of the church, and several phantoms, enveloped in winding-sheets like the first, issued forth from them, and wandered about amongst the pillars. After this, they all approached him who summoned them, and ranged themselves in order behind him, while one only placed himself by his side. This one, the monk informed Mr. Dob, was

the spectre of the president. The sound of the bells ceased as suddenly as it had begun; a profound silence of some minutes ensued, when all the phantoms, with one accord, raising their arms to heaven three times, in solemn tones uttered the words, —'Justice! Vengeance!' The two first times they spoke these words, the phantoms raised their arms and let them fall again; but after the third time, they remained with their arms extended, and joined their voices in chorus: 'The organ instantly sounded a high and solemn peal, and the voices rising all together, swelled the sacred strain.'¹¹ 'This is finer than any music I have read of,' said Mr. Dob; 'what piece of music is it? Is it a song of Gascony?'¹² 'What!' said the monk, nettled at what he considered as a sarcasm (having never read the *Mysteries of Udolpho*) 'are you not acquainted with the midnight hymn?' 'I ought to have recollect'd it,' said Mr. Dob, rather ashamed of his forgetfulness, 'for it is the very one which Elleua sings 'to the lute which she touched with the most affecting and delicate expression.'¹³ It is also the same which Antonio sings before 'a statue of St. Rosolia, her patroness.'¹⁴ In short, it is the one which they *always* sing in a romance, when a little music is wanted in the middle of the night.' When the music ceased, the phantoms again three times renewed their cry of 'Justice! Vengeance!' and then, descending silently thro the narrow and winding passages,¹⁵ they returned to the graves from whence they had arisen. The stones closed over them with a loud noise; a statue of the Virgin, on which Mr. Dob had fixed his looks, 'bowed its head, the image shook, the tapers fell extinguished, and an awful voice pronounced 'Remember!'¹⁶

CHAP. VII.

'One part of your duty is over,' said the monk to Mr. Dob; 'you have now only to pass some hours alone in the south-west tower; there you must be made acquainted with many things, concerning which you are as yet in ignorance.' 'Alas!' said Mr. Dob, sorrowfully, 'it is no more than I expected; what one only meets with in these towers, which are so much alike. Lead on, however; I am quite resigned to my fate.' The old man, taking Mr. Dob by the hand, led him towards the northern postern, which opened with a *creaking* noise, with a *harsh, grating sound*; in a word, with all that a door can do on such an occasion. Having descended some steps, they found themselves in 'a considerable space in the interior of the castle, encircled by cloisters overhung with ivy and wild weeds.'¹⁷ Before they beheld 'a broad avenue of arched stone. The entrance was obstructed by fallen fragments of columns, and by the underwood that had taken root amongst them. They, however, easily overcame these interruptions; but as the avenue was of considerable extent, and as its only light proceeded from the portal, except what a few

narrow loops in the walls admitted, they soon found themselves involved in an obscurity that rendered the way difficult.¹⁸ They, however, reached 'a gateway of gigantic size, which was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants, which (like all others) had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them.'¹⁹ After passing thro this gateway, they found themselves in a 'second court, grass grown, and more wild than the first; its lofty walls over-topped with briony, moss, and nightshade, and the embattled towers which rose above.' 'A light glimmered at a distance thro a long perspective of arches, while partial gleams fell upon the pillars, forming a strong contrast with their shadows that stretched along the pavement.' 'Before them spread an enormous mass of irregular building. It was flanked, without any symmetry, by towers, unequal in form and height. Innumerable small windows, ornamented in the gothic style, bore witness to the antiquity of the edifice, while the broken panes testified that it had for many years been an asylum for only birds of night.'²⁰ The castle 'stood on a kind of rude lawn, overshadowed by high and spreading trees, which seemed coeval with the building, and diffused a romantic gloom around.'²¹ Among the multitude of turrets with which the body of the building was surrounded, they easily distinguished one, at the corner of one of the wings of the castle, the roof of which terminated in a point, and seemed to lose itself in the clouds. The vane at the top turned round violently, and, by its sharp and creaking noise, seemed to imitate the cries of the screech-owl. Beneath it was the castle clock, which had just before struck. Mr. Dob almost 'instantly heard from an opposite part of the building a dreadful crash (resembling the noise of several pieces of armour falling together,) which was prolonged for some minutes. At that moment he thought it lightened twice, when his eye caught the casement in the south-western tower, and a strong glare of light at that moment darted from within. In about three minutes a hand seemed to wave from one side. At that moment the light vanished, and all was again in perfect darkness.'²²

[To be continued.]

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| 1. The Tomb. | 12. Udolpho. |
| 2. Celestine. | 13. Italian. |
| 3. Hubert de Sevrac. | 14. Monk. |
| 4. Mysteries of Udol. | 15. Sic. Rom. |
| 5. The Monk. | 16, 17. Hubert de Sev. |
| 6. The Italian. | 18. Italian. |
| 7. Monk. | 19. Udolpho. |
| 8. Grasville Abbey. | 20. Celestine. |
| 9. Sicilian Romance. | 21. Rom. Forest. |
| 10. Italian. | 22. Grasv. Abbey. |
| *1. Sic. Rom. | |

THE QUAKER LADY.—A FRAGMENT.

"Without a whisper, except that of the oaks around, the coffin was taken from the waggon, lowered into the grave, and covered with earth. I never witnessed a silence more solemn and affecting; and beautiful as is our church funeral service, I will venture to say it never raised a feeling of more deep and awful devotion, than that which impressed the dead silence around. There was no need of saying, 'dust to dust;' every clod of earth as it fell hollowly on the coffin, proclaimed that; neither was any proof wanting that 'man who is born of a woman' must die, for a thousand little hillocks around gave silent testimony to the fact. When the mound over the grave was smoothed with pious care, a little buzzing ran thro the crowd—and as it slowly separated, some ventured to talk about the deceased person, who was, I found, a Quaker lady, who died—as others die, of some common malady or other. She was neither a belle, nor a beauty; no crowd ever followed her at a ball, nor could I learn that she had ever received a single offer of marriage, except from the person we had left still standing by her grave. Yet there was something in the story I learned of her, that affected me, I can hardly tell why, for it was not the least romantic.

It seems that her husband, in consequence of imprudence or misfortune, had several years before been confined in a prison for debt; leaving a family of eight children destitute. By the rare magic of industry and economy united, this woman, by her own labors, kept the little ones together—fed, clothed, and sent them to school; until the jail accidentally took fire, and the prisoner walked home. Here he afterwards remained unmolested, for the virtues of his wife had sanctified his person. There is a species of calm, persevering, courageous, and unconquerable industry, that gets the better even of fate. Such, it seems, was the industry of this valuable woman, and it was rewarded even in this world. She lived—God bless her—to see her husband independent, and to share many years of independence with him. She reared all her children, saw them honorably settled, and heard the old people say, that whatever had been her sacrifices for them, they had repaid her, by their dutiful affection and exemplary conduct. Then, when she at last died, neither poet made her an angel, nor newspaper eulogy a saint; but the neighbors—the neighbors, followed her to the grave, without uttering a word—and the husband and children stood around it with their faces covered."—PAULDING.

LADIES' MUSEUM.

Dear Maid's Hall....March 10, 1818.

MR. EDITOR—Several weeks have now elapsed since one of the ‘frail sisterhood,’ under the appellation of an **Old Maid**, considered herself justified in a public exposition of her situation. It is as evident as day, that much as nature may prompt us to an act, we often neglect opportunities to render ourselves happy, and deprive ourselves of comforts which evince themselves to us, from motives of vanity and conceit. This must have been the case with the tender creature who made such a lamentable appearance in your paper. Puffed up by arrogance and vanity, when a husband presented himself, she conceived that he would not suit her, tho in every respect a man. I feel no disposition to trespass upon your time, but as my situation is similar to that of the **Old Maid**, I shall briefly state my case.

I am what is generally termed on **Old Bachelor**, and am determined to remain such—thirty years have I seen last grass, and many a pretty fair one has won my affections and prompted me to make love! but the moment appearances indicated a favorable reception, that moment vanity took hold of me—I conceived inferiority and considered her unworthy of my friendship and confidence.

When about twenty years of age, I was suddenly smitten, (as they call it) with the blooming cheeks, the sparkling eyes, and ruby lips, of the enviable Matilda Morton. She was beautiful, she was gay—she was accomplished and she was rich! After a short intimacy, our feelings were in unison, and ere six months had elapsed her affections were mine. The moment had scarce convinced me of the fact, ere vanity swelled my youthful bosom at the conquest, and she appeared every thing but what she was. Her beauty seemed to have decayed—her cheeks, I thought, were pale as death, and her eyes sunk in her head; I deserted her, and began a new seige at a neighboring farmer’s daughter, called Caroline Cloud. From the moment that I first beheld her to that of our final separation, Caroline appeared to me to exceed in beauty and accomplishments all her sex beside. She was not one of those pretended sticklers for modesty, which, I am sorry to say, so many practice, but possessed an air of familiarity and sociability, that rendered her agreeable and inviting. But fortune frowned upon her father; his property was seized and sold for debt: the news scarce reached me, ere (faithless wretch that I was) I left her to her situation. Possessing a few shillings myself, I considered it beneath the dignity of a man of wealth and honor to connect himself with poverty! Thus were the feelings of two amiable young women wounded by my imprudent conduct, and I destitute of that balm of consolation—a female friend! Placed in

this dilemma, I flew to my room, and was soon lost in meditation: invention soon began her work, and in a few days I resolved to visit miss Harriet High, whose wealth overbalanced her beauty, and who was wooed by many a young fellow of the neighborhood. Twice a week at least, did I pay my obeisance to this new victim to my vanity, and in a few months had her so completely in my power that when the question of marriage was proposed, she consented without the least apparent reluctance. The day that was to make her mine was fixed—the guests were invited—the preacher engaged, and all in readiness—but me! Under the pretence of indisposition, I solicited her to postpone the day of marriage for a week or two, and as soon as that period arrived, told her, in plain terms, that I had altered my notion! The neighborhood was now all in an uproar—all hands raised against me—still I did not despair. Matilda called me a deceiver—Caroline a wretch, and Harriet her destroyer! Epithets like these were daily heaped upon me; but in direct opposition to all their exertions, two months had scarcely elapsed ere I was as great as could be with a city fair one by the name of Anna Maria Louisa Caroline La Rouche—a young French lady of wealth and beauty.—She made a frank avowal of her passion, (reposing in my confidence) and hoped, that, rudely as I had treated others, she would never become the victim of my displeasure. True were her words. The time had now arrived that I should endeavor to get the better of my vanity, and without further reflection I proffered the fair miss La Rouche my hand and my heart; but think, mr. Editor, how I felt when she told me that I certainly must be cracked if I understood her as having any regard for me! Away! says she, thou fell destroyer of peace and happiness, away! thou art not worthy of the affections and confidence of any woman!

Now all appeared lost—hope had fled my embraces, and misery and shame seemed to await me. Three amiable girls had been deprived of piece and tranquility of mind, by my base conduct; and the fourth had carried conviction to my soul, by an exposition of my imbecility and littleness of heart.

Aware that I had forfeited every claim to female friendship, and satisfied that I could never regain that of my former female friends, I quietly resigned myself to the life of a bachelor, and I sincerely wish that every young man may divest himself of vanity, and not be compelled to repine at his fate, and die the death of an

Doylestown D. **OLD BACHELOR.**

A man without a wife and without friends, is situated in the world, as he would be in an apartment hung round with landscapes.

TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

Personal neatness may almost be classed with the cardinal virtues. It was an observation with Lavater, that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. 'Young women, (says he) who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular, a disregard of order, a mind but ill-adapted to the details of house-keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention, young men, to this sign; it never yet was known to deceive.' Husbands, as well as lovers, are gratified and delighted in seeing their partners handsomely adorned; and I am well convinced, that many a heart, now roving in quest of variety, might have been detained in willing captivity at home, by the silken chains of personal decoration. It is one of the moral duties of every married woman, always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband. To effect this, expensiveness of attire is by no means requisite. The simplest robe may evince the wearer's taste as nobly as the most gorgeous brocade.

With respect to reigning fashions it must never be considered, that "one form of dress prescribed can suit with all."

"One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
To make the finish't piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And, rich in native beauties, wants no arts;
In some are such resistless graces found
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes."

The natural figure of a woman is of the first importance in determining the style of her dress. What sight, for instance, can be more preposterous than that of a short, thick, broad-shouldered, fat female, in a spencer? It has been well observed, too, that 'short women destroy their symmetry, and encumber their charms, by all redundancy of ornament;' and that 'a little woman, feathered and furbelowed, looks like a queen of the Bantam tribe.'

Nor is the substance of which dresses are composed unworthy of notice. Making due allowance for the season, that which will display, or soften the *contour* of the form, with most propriety and effect, should always be preferred. The Roman ladies had their *ventus textilis*, and their *linea nebulosa*

la—linen so fine as to acquire those names;—and, from the transparent muslin, to the substantial silk, the merino and kerseymere, our variety of texture is almost infinite. Thus, whilst the sylph-formed maiden may be allowed to float in gossamer, the more matured and portly female should adopt a fabric better suiter to her size, her figure, and her time of life.

There is nothing, perhaps, more difficult of choice, or more delusive to the wearer, than colors ill-chosen, ill-adapted, or ill-combined.

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green:
In such a dress, the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy beds fresh roses blow."

It has been remarked, however, that grassgreen, tho' a color exceedingly pleasing and refreshing itself, jaundices the pale woman to such a degree, as to excite little other sensation but compassion in the beholder.

—"Maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable mournful die should choose to wear:
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night."

Ladies of a pale complexion, I conceive, should seldom, if ever, wear a dress of an entire color. Their white drapery, at least, might be relieved and animated, by ribbons, flowers, &c. of delicate tints; such as light pink, or blossom-color. On the other hand,

"The lass whose skin is like the hazle brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own."

She may ever, without fear of offence, assume the orange, the scarlet, the coquelicot, the flame color, or the deep rose; either of which will heighten the animated hue of her complexion, and impart a dazzling lustre to her eye.

It is not within the province of an old man, Mr. Editor, to descend into the minutiae of female attire, to prescribe the cut of a robe, the fall of a mantle, or the shape of a bonnet. These points may very safely be left to a consultation between the lady and her dress-maker; the cultivated taste of the former regulating and checking the meretricious fancy of the latter.

In the hope that the hints which I have offered may prove of some utility, I remain, &c.

Athenaeum.

SENEX.

Some men seem to mistake asperity for humour: yet they are things almost incompatible.

THE OLIO.

No. X.

At the last Assembly, the first object that attracted my attention was our friend Timothy, leaning in a corner with his arms folded, and apparently as much abstracted as if he were in some abstruse metaphysical research: giving him a gentle tap on the shoulder, he started from his reverie as if electrified, but on discovering who it was seized my hand and gave it so cordial a squeeze, as nearly to have conglutinated the fingers; he expressed much pleasure at seeing me, said he had been indulging in his favorite study, physiognomy, and taking my arm for a promenade, requested I would delineate the characters of certain persons whom he would point out. We had not progressed far when Tim asked 'who is that young gentleman, who seems to be giving a tacit assent by an inclination of the head, to whatever the lady who is talking to him, may advance?' That, I replied is Mr. VANDEGRIM—he has a large stock of small talk, and until that is exhausted he is very eloquent, but it is now all expended and for want of an answer is obliged to have recourse to a laugh—Vandegrime seldom remains long enough with a lady to be placed in this embarrassing situation, and he would now give his handsomest watch seal to make his escape. He is to be found at all parties, indeed should he not receive a card he is so extremely charitable as to attribute it to the carelessness of *the damn'd stupid servant*; or says, in his free and easy way, 'Oh! I hate ceremony, and among so many it is not singular that the lady should have forgotten one'—and, so invited, or not invited, Vandegrime goes to all the parties. The ladies say '*they believe he is a very amiable man.*' 'So his countenance indicates,' says Tim, 'for even now he seems 'rather in sorrow than in anger;' I however wish him a speedy escape from his trammels.' 'But tell me,' continued he, 'who is that in the centre of the room surrounded by a host of ladies, each emulous to surpass the rest in attention?' That, said I, is Mr. VAPID, he *reigns omnipotent* over the fashionable circle, and if he but wear buckles in his shoes, and buckram for cravats, they are immediately registered in the code of fashions, and I have been credibly informed that the former article has risen twenty five per cent since he first appeared in them. He has just returned from his travels, and it is expected that the literary world will shortly receive a valuable acquisition, as he intends publishing his *Tour thro Italy, France and Switzerland*; a friend who has been

favored with a perusal of his notes, informed me the other day, that, compared to them, the style of those learned and justly admired ones, taken by *Jeremy Cockloft the younger* in his tour thro New Jersey, dwindle into the most perfect insignificance. You may see that he is very much improved from having been abroad; his nonchalance, handsome snuff box, neat watch ribbon, large buckles, the graceful manner he holds his hat, in short his *tout ensemble* render him altogether irresistible; however, our favorite Burns furnishes an admirable portrait of his character—

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight:
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learned vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;
So travelled monkies their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.

'Ah,' cried Tim with a deep sigh, and a shrug of the shoulders, 'I never see such characters without being reminded of that just observation of a favorite author: 'Ceremony, says he, resembles that base coin which circulates thro a country by royal mandate; it serves every purpose of real money at home, but is entirely useless if carried abroad; a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another clime, would be thought either ridiculous or culpable;' then how much is it to be regretted that a person whose vernacular manners are so pleasing should render himself ridiculous by adopting the preposterous modes of foreigners—Here I interrupted Tim, who I feared was beginning one of his long winded lectures, by telling him that such sentiments might have suited the *heroic ages*, but that they will not answer at present, as it is *all the fashion* to admire every thing that is *exotic*. Tim now pointed out a young gentleman loitering about the group, and remarked he would suppose him to be a disciple of that Chinese philosopher with whom it was a maxim, that 'Silence was a friend that would never betray,' as he had not observed him address a word to any person in company. True, said I, he speaks but seldom, yet when he does speak, 'the lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees;' of this he is himself conscious, for he invariably accompanies his observations with a loud laugh, fearful that his *dull auditor* should forget to pay it that mark of respect. Neither of the learned professions has the honor to claim him as its own, but he is a philosopher, a close reasoner, and a still closer calcola-

tor; no man can tell better than he, what stock will yield the best interest, or in what manner a man can make the most of his money; indeed so attentively has he studied *this science* that he now makes money mechanically, and from his attention to a certain young lady, I would suppose he has in view a *very great speculation*. Well, said Tim, enough of such characters, let me try to find some one of whom you can give me a better account. Tell me what young lady is that, who

'Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness,'

is now about to commence the dance. Her appearance might entitle her to claim the first place in the region of fashion, and her beauty rivals the fabled Houri's of the east. That lady, said I, is Miss ADELIN VOLATILE; she is reputed a wit, and has been so frequently told of it, as at length to be really induced to believe so herself—she has now become so enamored of that peculiar propensity, that she would at any time rather miss a party, or lose an admirer, than permit an opportunity to say a good thing to pass....but never having had the happiness to witness even the slightest scintillation, I give this solely on the authority of report; it is however certain that she possesses in an eminent degree, candor,...a virtue I have often heard you commend in most enthusiastic strains; indeed such strict attention does she pay to its dictates, that she at times forgets to be polite, and it not unfrequently with her degenerates into rudeness. Mr. Vapid admires her excessively, and on one occasion finding her seated in a corner surrounded by beaux, he observed 'she was too beautiful a rose thus to be obscured by marigolds, sun-flowers, and butterflies; that as she was not 'born to blush unseen,' she should arise the queen of beauty in the dazzling scene, and exact from every heart, homage and admiration.' Since then, she has seldom been found seated in a back room, but is eternally going the rounds to levy contributions on every beholder. But Syllabub, said I, you said you were indulging yourself in physiognomy, you have not as yet favored me with any of your sagacious speculations. Why, replied he——. Now reader, if you can guess Tim's answer!

LIONEL LOVELACE.

The cardinal de Polignac being asked by a lady, what difference there was between her and a clock, answered, "Madame, avec une montre on compte les heures, aupres de vous on les oublie." — 'By a clock we count the hours, near you we forget them.'

[The following lines contain no more than the unaffected language of an affectionate and feeling heart, in the natural dictation of words, which some admire as simplicity in poetry, they will doubtless be acceptable to some of our female readers, who will easily discover, in their 'plain attire,' all that solicitude of conjugal fidelity which ever endears the absent husband to the wife, and that resignation and piety which supports the christian under all trials.

It may be necessary to remark, by way of explanation, that they were written by the commander of one of our merchant vessels, while lying in Smyrna Bay, amid the bustle of repairing the ship, and under the burthen of a long and continued ill state of health, after being absent from his home for some years, and suffering many disasters in the course of several unlucky voyages.

The little boy, he mentions, was one who had been shipped on board with the rest of the crew, and who, afterwards, he found to be an orphan, of so good and amiable a disposition, that he was induced to take him under his especial protection. The feeling reader will readily excuse the common-place incidents introduced, to show the fidelity and gratitude of this pious youth; as nothing, however trivial, can be overlooked by a person of real sensibility, in one who endeavors, by all possible means, to prove himself not ungrateful for benefits received.]

(*By request.*)

A HUSBAND'S REFLECTIONS AT SEA.

ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE.

My love, my wife, these lines I trust may find
You and our babes, that I have left behind,
Blest with sweet health, the gift of God alone,
That gift which I, alas! have never known.
But calm submission to the will of God,
Becomes the Christian when he feels the rod;
Trials like mine no doubt on earth are sent,
To prove if sinful man will e'er relent.
Now if for me, my love, by hopes or fears,
Thine eyes are fill'd with ever anxious tears,
One consolation still remains behind—
Thy faithful husband ever has been kind.
Nor am I less consoled, when anxious thought
Thy faith and virtues to my mind has brought,
Since the first time I prest thy virtuous hand,
In happy wedlock, in our native land.
Our much loved prattling innocents I trust
Are like their tender mother, kind and just;
O! need I say, that with each rising sun,
A prayer to Heav'n I offer for each one:
Tell them, in fancy I have oft times prest
Their little bosoms to my heaving breast:
No earthly bliss beneath the Pow'r's divine,
Save pressing thy more sweeter lips to mine,
Can equal this, in fancy or in fact,
While Heaven directs a husband how to act.
While on the Asian coast compelled to stay,
How long, ah! none but Him above can say!
In Smyrna bay my ship is safely moor'd,
Myself at home, yet I remain on board.

LADIES' MUSEUM.

Till the whole ship's repair'd, complete as new,
Here I must stay with nought but hope in view;
And in compliance with my country's laws,
A ship detain'd so long, whate'er the cause,
The crew I must dismiss, their wages pay,
Whrite their discharge, and let them go their way.
The day arrives, their wages they receive,
Each drinks his glass and takes his friendly leave:
Save one poor little boy, just fit for play,
Who clings around my knees and begs to stay;
I'd rather stay, cried he, alone with you,
Than seek my fortune with the whole ship's crew.
I could not answer; with uncommon zeal
All that a father feels he made me feel;
I walk'd the deck, tho' able scarce to stand,
Nor would the little boy let go my hand.
Are you not hungry? I will cook, says he,
Indeed I'll do whate'er you say to me.
Forced to consent, the supper he prepares,
And while I eat, retires and says his pray'rs:
The supper o'er, the table quick he clears,
Looks in my face, and sighing bursts in tears.
The cause of this too plainly I could see,
They're drawn from him by seeing them in me.
I wave my hand, he understands the sign,
Retires to bed, and bids me rest in mine.
All good, all wise, great Ruler, lord of all,
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall!
Thy promises to man alone reveal'd,
Are all our hopes, our confidence, and shield!
For my loved family, now far away,
To thee, O God of mercy, now I pray:
That all thy goodness they may keep in mind,
And that 'thy will be done,' is ever kind:
That the straight paths of justice they may tread,
Nor fear the gloomy mansions of the dead.

[Presented by the writer.]

FOR EASTER.—AN ACROSTIC.

Emanuel's presence fills unbounded space,
All heaven in ecstacy beholds his face;
Seraphs, cherubs, angels and saints, divine,
To God on high in loud hosannas join:
Exalt our hearts, O Lord! that we may sing,
Responsive praises to our heavenly King;
Divine Redeemer—grant our souls may soar,
Above all earthly things and thee adore,—
Your holy will be done for evermore,

EXILE OF *****

[Translated from the Latin.]

* Theodore Beza's Three Marriages, or strong arguments against monogamy."

In age, youth, and manhood, three wives have I tried,
Whose qualities rare all my wants have supplied:
The first, goaded on by the ardor of youth,
I wooed for the sake of her person, forsooth;
The second I took for the sake of her purse,
And the third—for what reason?—I wanted a nurse!

[Translated from Simonides.]

DANÆ TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

The night-winds howl'd! the billows dash'd
Against the tossing chest!
DANÆ, to her broken heart,
Her slumbering infant prest.
My little child (in tears she said)
To wake and weep is mine;
But thou canst sleep! thou dost not know
Thy mother's lot and thine.

The moon is up, its pale beams smile
And tremble on the main;
But dark, within my floating cell,
To me they smile in vain.

Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm,
And thy curl'd locks are dry;
Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
Nor breakers booming high.

Yet thou! didst thou but know thy fate,
Wouldst melt, my tears to see!
And I, methinks, should weep the less,
Wouldst thou but weep with me.

Yet, dear one, sleep! and sleep, ye winds,
That vex the restless brine!—
When shall these eyes, my babe, be seal'd,
As peacefully as thine?

EPIGRAM.

CURIO, tis said, a Comedy has writ,
Replete throughout with novelty and wit:
If it has wit, to both will I agree,
For wit from Curio *must* be novelty!

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1818.

MARRIED, in this city, by the rev. J. Kemper, on Wednesday s'night, Mr. Tho. Anderson, merchant, to Miss Sydney Boyd, niece of Wm. Boyd, esq.

By the rev. Dr. Staughton, on Thursday, 5th inst. Mr. J. F. Mills to Miss Harriet Ireland. Mr. Wm. J. Paxson to miss Elizabeth G. Johnson.

By the rev. Mr. Parker, on the 13th inst. Mr. Th. Sullivan to Miss Eliz. Lane.

By the rev. Dr. Helmuth, on Sunday, the 1st inst. Mr. Deiterich Heinson to miss Mary Hellem.

At Northumberland, P. by the rev. Mr. Bryson. Mr. Henry Frick, editor of "the Miltonian," to Miss Catherine Montgomery.

At Louisville, K. Mr. Thomas R. West, of this city, to miss Matilda Booth.

EMPLOYMENT OFFERED.

A person, well qualified and recommended, if not better employed, would perhaps undertake to solicit further patronage to this paper. Such a person is now wanted. There is no doubt, but that a very extensive list of new subscribers might be obtained, if waited on by a proper person. Apply at the office.

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